

Suppose the Germans Made Target and Joke of U. S. or French Warships?

It is announced that soon American merchant airplanes will bomb former German battleships. This idea of dropping dynamite on the ships of a conquered nation may not appeal to President Harding. If the Germans had taken battleships of ours and amused themselves by making targets of them we should not think highly of the performance.

Other targets would do just as well. And in these days of economy there must be something worth salvaging in the material that makes up a battleship. The navy's engineers know well what a bomb will do to steel and iron.

When a war is over it is not desirable needlessly to offend a conquered people. Every American knows how this country would feel, or how the French or any other nation would feel, if Germany had won the war and it were announced that captured ships of France or America were to be used as targets for dynamite bombs from airships. A certain sentiment attaches to battleships on which men have fought for their country.

Everybody remembers Oliver Wendell Holmes' poem on Old Ironsides, a warship that had outlived its usefulness, and was to be destroyed. This verse sticks in your mind:

"Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!"

That poem by Holmes changed the

plans, and the sentence of Old Ironsides was commuted.

Of course no American patriot would for one fleeting second compare anything European to one of our glorious American ships. But if, by chance, the English had captured Old Ironsides, had taken her to England, and sent young sailors to fire shells into her and sink her, we should have said the English lacked taste.

We, over here, are so "highly refined, cultured, tactful, etc.," that someone ought to suggest the propriety of using the ships of a conquered enemy for targets. If the matter were called to President Harding's attention he probably would attend to it.

War, no matter who wins, leaves an ugly wound and makes it hard for the world to get back to business and resume the onward march.

Some of those that never were heard of before the war, and never will be heard of again, would like to keep the wound open and amuse themselves with it. But President Harding is not that sort. He will probably tell the gentlemen of the navy that they can select quite well a target that does not represent the feelings of any nation, and practice on that. As it happens, the plan to use German battleships for targets was decided upon, and announced, before Mr. Harding's Administration came into power.

Lloyd George Distorts Facts of American History

DAVID LLOYD GEORGE took advantage of the letter of the six English Episcopalians, which prayed the government to stop its murdering and arsons in Ireland, to do a little propaganda work for the benefit of American public opinion.

In his reply he said that the English position toward Ireland was exactly the position of the North toward the South when the Southern States proposed to secede.

It ought not to be necessary to discuss this attempt at historical comparison with a boy or girl who has read American history written by American historians for the public schools.

It would be enough to call attention to the fact that the real historic comparison is between the American revolution and the Irish revolution now in progress.

Then America was part of the empire as is Ireland today. Then all the talk of the strategic position of America to the British empire was indulged in by British politicians as it is indulged in now concerning Ireland—with this difference only—that when WE ceased to talk about Home Rule and told Great Britain that we were going to be free of her FOREVER we did not offer her ANY guarantees whatever of strategic safety if we became independent.

The Irish do offer Great Britain guarantees that Ireland will not be used as a base for hostile operations against England.

If Lloyd George would read our American Declaration of Independence he would appreciate how silly it is to attempt to convince the American people that the cause of Ireland is like the cause of secession.

Secession meant not the promotion of liberty, but the destruction of the most hopeful experiment in liberty anywhere—the American Union. It meant the perpetuation of the worst conceivable travesty on liberty—the

perpetuation of human slavery—the greatest moral wrong of which human nature is capable.

Secession could not be justified in 1861 upon any acceptable principle, because no acceptable principle can be based upon a greater moral wrong.

Moreover, the Southern States entered the Union by consent and not by force. They helped create the Union and for most of its then existence they dominated it. They were never betrayed, exploited and ruined by the Union. They were flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone—just stubborn brothers hugging a delusion that slavery was necessary to their prosperity. It was more harmful morally and materially to them than to the North. They know it now.

A Newspaper With a Mission

A MODEL for all newspapers in editorial courage and independence is the Manchester Guardian, which celebrates this week its one hundredth anniversary. The paper was born the day Napoleon Bonaparte died a prisoner in exile.

In its first issue it promised a spirited and vigorous discussion of all public questions and, above all, "the accurate reporting of facts, particularly important at this juncture."

That is still the most important duty of any newspaper.

The Manchester Guardian has always been liberal and progressive. It denounced the Bulgarian atrocities after the revelations made by the American newspaper man MacGahan, and insisted on the emancipation of all the Balkan States from Turkey. It resisted Disraeli's imperialism in the East and Joseph Chamberlain's imperialism in South Africa. It has always stood for Home Rule in Ireland.

Today Is "Doughnut Day"



HUMANISMS

BY William Atherton Du Puy

The aquarium in Battery Park, New York, is a sort of a shrine to William Spry, commissioner of the General Land Office. It marks the spot where the happiest twelve hours of his life were spent.

Forty years ago this was Castle Garden, where the immigrants were received. Here came William Spry as the son of an immigrant English tailor.

The tailor was a very religious man and when, through all the years of the boy's life, he said family prayers, there had been a request that a way should be opened up that would make it possible for his family to get to the land of the free.

This prayerful suggestion had glorified the United States in the mind of the boy. So that night after they had landed they slept on the floor of the immigration station at Castle Garden. There was not even a quilt beneath the boy and his arms made his pillow. But the rupture of it was so great that, after fifty years, this Federal official, who has also been governor of a State, goes back to the spot, takes his grandchildren with him, and tells the story of the great migration.

Former Representative J. A. M. Adair of Indiana, says that he has seen the possibility of being written down in history as a great man lost through the demonstration of one small mental habit which in itself was not particularly important.

There was a certain chairman of a committee of the House who habitually dragged statistics into his speeches and arguments but who always got them wrong. He didn't seem to have figure instinct. He could not be accurate in their use. He always made mistakes in quoting them.

His opponents found this out. Whenever he used figures they would look them up, would probably find them wrong, would cross-examine him, expose him. It might be that everything in his argument but his figures was right. But by showing the figures wrong the whole was given the appearance of being wrong. All the work of the man was discredited. Finally he resigned from Congress of his own volition.

When Mr. Harding made his inaugural speech in front of the Capitol people stood on the steps of the Congressional Library, 200 yards away, and heard every word of it, thanks to that marvelous device known as the amplifier.

Two or three days later, the new Cabinet members having settled into their niches, it came to pass that they went about and made speeches to various gatherings. One of the first to appear was Edwin Denby, Secretary of the Navy, who is six feet two and carries 250 pounds of muscle around with him.

His framework is surmounted by a polished dome typical of Roman architecture. His chest is like a huge water barrel. He began to speak in tones that for him were obviously modulated, suppressed. But deaf people in the back of the hall heard every word. The windowpanes rattled in their frames. Some one near me said: "Harding won't need an amplifier any more now that he has Denby."

The Oxygen We Breathe.

It has been found by scientific experiment that the average adult consumes about thirty ounces of oxygen in twenty-four hours, and during that period inhales and exhales 1,440 gallons of air.

The Costliest Palace.

The Palace of Versailles, near Paris, is said to be the costliest ever built. Louis XIV destroyed all the documents relating to this wonderful building, to prevent its real cost ever being known.

Mr. B. Baer

LOST WITHOUT A GUIDE.

Letter B. Kathi, soon the leaves will be falling in the Canadian woods and the squirrels will be leaping from tree to tree. They will be glad to see you. Lots of Akwerie. Fred.

Letter C. They say that I am uneducated and unrefined. You know that I know all the best people in Grand Ants. And I know that you know the other seven-eighths of the population. Lots of Akwerie.

Your little cigar store Indian.

Letter D. Ma cherie, soon I will leave Canada and get a job as office boy at Vassar. Lots of Akwerie. Freddie.

Letter E. How is that when I don't write to you you never answer those letters? Canada is beautiful without you. Lots of Akwerie. Freddie.

Letter double E. It seems but yesterday that I met you. I wish it was a hundred years from now. Lots of Akwerie.

Your little injun guide.

Letter F. How is it that I don't see you when you are absent? It seems impossible. I received your kind alphabet and will go to college. What college do you suggest? Is Bryn Mawr good? Lots of Akwerie. Fred.

Letter M. America is a proud country where they make the best soda biscuit in the world. But do not forget that some day Canada will also be a leading nation. I feel like I got a headache today. Hoping you are the same. Fred.

Letter Z. I will come to New York and get a job as cashier in the bank. I think I know all about banks. Yours, with lots of Akwerie. Fred.

Ye TOWNE GOSSIP

Registered U. S. Patent Office.

By K. C. B.

My Dear K. C. B.—Your philosophical turn of mind will probably enable you to inform me on a matter that at least is open to debate.

Is it safer for a boy driving with a girl friend to attempt to drive and hug a girl at the same time, or should the girl drive, thus permitting the boy to give more attention to the act of hugging?

From what one observes upon our streets and highways, both practices seem to be equally popular.

Thanking you in advance for your valuable opinion, I am,

MAURICE W. BROWN, M. D.

MY DEAR Doctor.

BEING MARRIED.

AND SOMEWHAT

aged.

AND WITHOUT

opportunity.

TO EXPERIMENT.

YOU'LL APPRECIATE

THAT'S IT'S difficult.

FOR ME to say.

WITH AUTHORITY.

IF IT may be safer.

FOR THE boy to

drive.

AND HUG the girl.

OR THE girl to drive.

THE WHILE she's

hugged.

I MAY only speak.

FROM MEMORY.

OF EARLY days.

WHEN I was young.

AND LIVERIES

thrived.

AND HIRED rigs.

FROM THE livery

man.

AND TOLD my love.

ON COUNTRY roads.

AND QUIET nights.

IN PALE moonlights.

WHEN FIREFLIES.

WOULD WINK at us.

AND FROGS would

croak.

AND WISH us well.

AND I recall.

THE KINDLY horse.

I USED to drive.

A WISE old horse.

THAT KEPT the road.

NO MATTER.

THAT THE reins

hung loose.

THOSE WERE my

days.

OF YOUTHFUL loves.

AND THOUGH I

know.

IT'S DANGEROUS.

IN THESE dire times

OF AUTO cars.

STILL I'M in doubt.

WHAT I would do.

IF YOUNG again.

I THANK you.

The Work of William the Conqueror.

Among manuscripts recently sold was one concerning the Abbey of St. Stephen, Caen. The vellum, with autograph crosses by William the Conqueror, his Queen, Matilda, and two other witnesses, brought \$2,300.

Mystery of Egg Lines.

No one knows why some birds' eggs are white and others highly colored, with all sorts of marks on them. No one knows why some birds lay a single egg and others ten or more, why some birds buried nest and others do not.

Mother's Day---The Growth of a Beautiful Idea

By BILL PRICE.

About seventeen years ago former Senator ELMER J. BURKETT, of Nebraska, introduced a joint resolution to designate a day for recognition of American mothers. The idea was beautiful and proper, but many of the elder statesmen of the Senate ridiculed the proposition, suggesting "Father's Day," "Grandmother's Day," "Aunt's Day," etc., and that is as far as the idea then got. The eloquence of the young Nebraska Senator, in his tribute to American mothers, affected not the grey-domed rulers of the upper house of Congress.

Such a resolution went through years later when introduced by Congressman, now Senator, HEFLIN. And Sunday the day was generally observed through the country, President HADBING leading by wearing a white carnation in memory of his own mother. Motherhood was eulogized from thousands of pulpits and red and white carnations were in evidence everywhere.

The observance of the day will grow as the years pass, because the greatest asset of any country is its pure womanhood; the sweetest of all sentiments that of mother. The war gave impetus to the movement, the facts gathered in that titanic struggle showing that no other word in all languages and among all nationalities so moved wounded and dying soldiers as "MOTHER." We can well pause one day in the year to further glorify the name sanctified on the bloody fields of battle in Europe, and enshrined so deeply in all hearts.



WELCOME
Welcome—Master Masons! This is your town today. All that we have is open to you—long as you stay. See all the public buildings and ride about the town. Here you'll see historic sites and men of great renown. It's the Home of our Nation, the greatest home on earth. No other place is like it, the Home of Freedom's birth. Go where you please, you're welcome as the flowers in spring. The people here are with you and tender everything. Our wish is that you'll stay here the greatest ever. 'N you'll go home delighted with WASHINGTON! Endorse!
WILLIAM B. SEVERE,
Secretary, Craftsmen Club.

And the Office Goat said: "Let there be science in the G. O. U." and there was science therein, "stein" and "stein" of it.
JOE CONKLIN.

HAIR-HOUSE LANGUAGE.
Customer—"One plate of beans with a Frankfurter on the side."
Waiter—"One against many."
P. D. Q.

Dear Bill I have a friend by the name of Leo and every time he stops to talk he says hello MILO and how is the column and why don't you write some real good stuff, and this old critic reads it & s most every day and I know he likes it, and I say to him you poor sap can't you think for yourself, you too could write, but you're too selfish, but he said he was busy and his girl went back on him and last Xmas while he was asleep some one stole his watch and his money and his trousers and his overcoat and he was too poor to buy a stamp and he said never in streets of dread, and promised him I would write a good one and here it is ADOIS
MILO H.

The woman who has already made her "catch" should go easy in criticizing her single sister who is out to make hers.
PHILIP EBERT.

DOUGHNUT DAY.
Today is "Doughnut Day" in the Salvation Army budget campaign:

Homely tokens of homely charity—Charity that has no strings to it. But is bestowed where the need may be. Tokens of kindness and hope—Of shelter for the homeless, for the hungry, bread—And messages of cheer to hearts that grope in slummy streets, in streets of dread. May those who speed your mission along Never lack the golden wherewithal To carry their banners, drums and song Where they hear the needy voices call.
JOE CONKLIN.

It certainly isn't the modern day chicken that "goes home, to roost."
CHEERUPADIST.

Old Man (at newspaper office)—I wish copies of your paper for a week back.
Smart Clerk—Go to a drug store and get mustard plasters. E. O. S.

CONSOLATION.
Lady passenger—Which end of the car do I get off?
Conductor—Either end, lady. Both ends stop.
NUT T. PHAN.

AN INVITATION.
They say microbe is a kiss—A rumor that is most true. Come, liddle dee, and make of me AN INVALID FOR LIFE.
LADY DONNA.

YELLING FOR ADVICE.
I'm appealing to Heard and Seen (with emphasis on the seen) for advice. Directly opposite my window are two of the female species. They often keep me awake at night, and the other morning I watched them until I was late for work. They were taking their morning exercise, demonstrating "Nymph" dancing, etc., and I became so interested that time was nothing in my young life. Can anything be done to prevent my becoming a wild man? S.S.

A CURIOUS SENTENCE.
J. A. T. gives the most interesting sentence of its kind ever written. The first word of each word, the second word, and so on. Starting at the right the sentence will read the same as starting from the left. It is as follows:
"THEY WHO DO NOT SOW WILL NOT REAP."

A CHARADE.
My first is a cover.
My second a city.
The third I discovered.
With this if you're witty—
MARY ANNE.

THE WORLD GOING RELATIVITIV.
The word war is on. Every man's vocabulary is arrayed against every man's dictionary. Relativity for breakfast, constancy of elasticity for dinner, simultaneity for supper. Each meal lasting eight hours. Polyvalencies are the rage. Monocies don't count. The word has yielded to the megaphone. So on with the prattle and may the strongest jaw win.
PAUL WHITE.

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